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THE

RAGGED SCHOOL UNION

MAGAZINE.

No. CCV. JANUARY, 1866. Vol. XIX.

RAGGED SCHOOL
PRECEPT.
Deliver the poor and needy; rid them out of the hand of the wicked.
PROMISE
And thou shalt be blessed for they cannot recompense thee: for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just. Luke XIV. 4

"The word of the Lord endureth for ever."—1 Peter i. 25.

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* * All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, 1, Exeter Hall, London.
* Orders for Advertisements to be sent to Robert K. Burt, Printer, Holborn Hill.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—The Committee beg to acknowledge with thanks the following gifts—from Miss Whitworth, a parcel of books, &c.; Miss J. H——, a roll of flannel; Miss Ripley, a box of books and clothes; Mrs. McAll, a hamper of clothing; Anonymous, a hamper of clothing; Dowager Duchess of Grafton, a parcel of clothing; the Misses Padday, a parcel of clothing; Mrs. Reade, a parcel of clothing and books; and a parcel of clothing from the Highgate Ladies' Working Party, per Miss Bodkin, for George Yard Schools.

Parcels of Left-off Wearing Apparel, for distribution to the Children, and for our Industrial Classes, also Books or Magazines for forming School Libraries, will be thankfully acknowledged by Mr. JOSEPH G. GENT, 1, Exeter Hall, W.C.

Parcels of waste paper, old magazines, reports, &c., &c., can be made good use of for the benefit of the Society, and will be thankfully acknowledged by Mr. GENT, 1, Exeter Hall.

SCHOLARS' PRIZES, CHRISTMAS, 1865.

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No application can be entertained after January 16th, 1866.

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This Institution has long been a blessing to the neighbourhood. It is situated in the very midst of "Bluegate Fields," adjoining the notorious Ratcliff Highway. Upwards of 300 destitute children, *but for these Schools*, would go altogether untaught. *Funds are urgently needed.* The Treasurer has already largely advanced, and unless the benevolent come to aid, it is feared the Committee will have to give up some of the operations now carried on.

That the Christian public may *avert* this calamity, and not suffer such a good work to be stayed is the earnest hope of the Committee.

Donations will be most thankfully received and acknowledged by

No. 7, Albion Terrace, Commercial Road, E. W. H. HATCHARD, *Hon. Sec.*

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The Committee gratefully announce the entire success of their former appeal.

They are now desirous of continuing the following operations without incurring any fresh debt: Sunday and Week-day and Night Ragged Schools, Service for Adults, Mothers' Meetings, Penny Bank, Loan Libraries, &c., and an Industrial Refuge for thirty-four destitute boys.

Subscriptions and Donations to assist them in doing this will be thankfully received by Mr. J. G. GENT, 1, Exeter Hall, or by the Honorary Secretary, Mr. T. E. WAY, 29, Wigmore Street, W.

CLERKENWELL
LAMB AND FLAG RAGGED SCHOOL.
ESTABLISHED 21 YEARS.

The Committee of the above Institution are very anxious to clear off the debt in which they are at present involved, amounting to £110.

The Committee of the Ragged School Union have kindly granted £40; a member of Committee has promised £10; leaving a deficit of £60. The Friends of Ragged Schools are earnestly invited to assist in clearing this debt from one of the oldest and most useful Ragged Schools in the metropolis.

Donations will be most thankfully received by Mr. W. J. Watts, Hon. Secretary, 7, Birchmoor Terrace, Cardington Street, N.W.; Mr. Alderton, Treasurer, Phœnix Saw Mills, Phœnix Place, Clerkenwell, E.C., or by Mr. Gent, Ragged School Union, 1, Exeter Hall, Strand.

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The Committee of the Society earnestly appeal for Funds to enable them to carry on their present operations. There are now in active operation fifty Preaching Stations, with an average attendance of 3,000 of the class for whose special benefit they have been opened. Several fresh applications for help are before the Committee, but they must be refused, unless this appeal meets with a response.

Contributions will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, A. Sperling, Esq.; the Hon. Secretary, J. A. Merrington, Esq.; or the Secretary, Mr. Wm. A. Blake, at the Office, 4, Trafalgar Square; Messrs. Nisbet, Berners Street.

Copies of the last Annual Report will be forwarded, post free, on a line being addressed to the Secretary.

SPECIAL APPEAL! SPECIAL APPEAL!

York Mews Ragged Schools & Ragged Church,

EAST STREET, BAKER STREET, W.

PRESIDENT:

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

THESE Schools have been opened entirely for the poor and destitute, and are supported by voluntary contributions only. They provide an education for those who otherwise would be without any education at all, and bring home the truths of the Gospel to those whose position in life renders it impossible for them to attend any place of worship.

In active operation are Ragged Schools—Boys', Girls', and Infants'; Morning, Afternoon, and Evening, Sunday as well as day Schools. Ragged Church. Sunday and other services. Lectures, Clothing Club, Penny Bank, and other means of usefulness.

The Committee ask most earnestly for the prompt and generous assistance of all who are interested in the education of the children of the poor, trusting the progress of an institution may not be hindered from want of funds, that has been so largely blessed to the children of this district, having for its grand object their moral, intellectual, and religious elevation.

They look with confidence to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, for a special blessing upon this appeal, believing it will not be in vain when made in behalf of those who cannot plead for themselves.

Contributions will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, J. ROBINSON, Esq., 32, *Devonshire Street, Portland Place; the Hon. Sec.*, Mr. W. A. BLAKE, 4. *Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross; and by* MR. J. G. GENT, *at the Office of the Ragged School Union*, 1, *Exeter Hall, Strand.*

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AND

KING EDWARD RAGGED SCHOOLS,

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President:

The Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G.

Subscriptions and Donations are earnestly solicited on behalf of this Institution. The operations are very varied, and consist of—

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In addition to the inmates belonging to the Refuge Department, the Committee have under their care upwards of 600 poor children, many of whom, but for this Institution, would be growing up in vagrancy and crime. There are Two Schools, the one in Albert Street for girls and infants, and the other in King Edward Street, for boys.

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J. E. E. tenders his sincere thanks to those ladies and gentlemen who have hitherto favoured him with their kind patronage, and hopes by strict attention to ensure a continuance of the same; he also begs most respectfully to solicit the favour of their recommendation.

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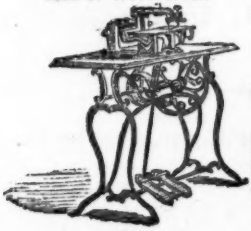

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The average attendance is as follows:—at the Free Day Schools, for boys and girls, 210; at the Free Evening Schools, for elder boys and girls, 110; at the Evening Sewing Class, for elder girls, 35; at the Sunday Schools—Morning, 100; Afternoon, 250; Evening, 220.

PENNY BANK.—This year (1865) 1,404 accounts have been opened by the poor of the neighbourhood, and £615 10s. 3d. deposited; which amount, within a few pounds, has been repaid.

The Committee need £200 a-year to meet the expenses of the various operations: they have no congregation of Christian friends to look to for support; and there are but few regular subscribers; therefore this special appeal is made with the hope that some who sympathize with the object will kindly encourage the Committee, by forwarding contributions towards carrying on this work for the temporal and eternal welfare of the poor.

Further information, as to the character, importance, and usefulness of the Institution, may be obtained of Mr. J. G. Gent, Secretary of the Ragged School Union, 1, Exeter Hall, Strand.

Contributions will be received and acknowledged by the Treasurer, John Rains, Esq., 11, Great Tower Street, E.C.; also by the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Geo. Kelsey, 2, Parkfield Terrace, King Edward's Road, Hackney, N.E.

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PRESIDENT, REV. CANON DALE.

COPY OF RESOLUTION—

"That the Committee desire to review, with thankfulness, God's providential care during the past year in supplying all the necessities of the Institution; and firmly believing in the same watchful care for the future, they therefore instruct the Secretary to admit a larger number of poor young women than in any preceding year, and to co-operate as far as possible in all general movements for the protection of the friendless and reclamation of the fallen."

This has been done.

January 1st, 1864, to November 21st	281
January 1st, 1865, to November 21st	356

A Contribution in aid of the CHRISTMAS COLLECTION is earnestly solicited.

Contributions in Post-office Orders, Cheques, &c., will be thankfully received by

Messrs. BOSANQUET & Co., Bankers, 73, Lombard Street, E.C.
FRANCIS NICHOLLS, Esq. (of the Committee), 14, Old Jewry Chambers, E.C.
Mr. E. W. THOMAS, Secretary, 200, Euston Road, N.W.

NICHOL STREET

Ragged Schools, Missions, and Working Men's Club,

BETHNAL GREEN.

These schools, established in 1843, are situated in one of the most destitute districts of London. Commencing with one room, the work steadily grew, until the one became sixteen; but then dilapidations became so serious, that in very self-defence they had to be given up. Freehold land close by, amply sufficient, was fortunately obtained by the Committee, at a cost of £850, and a portion of the land was covered with plain school buildings, which were opened free of debt. But from the dense population of the district, and the number of the children (about 1,200) crowding into the schools, still further accommodation is absolutely necessary.

But by these efforts, and by raising about £300 a year for the support of the School and Mission, the Committee and friends of the school, who mostly live three miles distant from the scene of their work, and have no special connection with the neighbourhood, have done what they can, and are now compelled to appeal to others for the assistance necessary to complete their plans by covering the vacant piece of land in their possession.

In this the Committee have the cordial approval and assistance of Lord Shaftesbury and the Rector of Bethnal Green.

Of the one thousand pounds asked for, half has been already obtained, but five hundred pounds are still required, and the Committee are very anxious to open the Schools next March, free of debt, and thus claim the grant promised by the Ragged School Union.

Donations will be thankfully received by Mr. GENT, Secretary, Ragged School Union, Exeter Hall; or by

HENRY SPICER, Jun.,
68, Upper Thames Street, E.C.

THE

RAGGED SCHOOL UNION MAGAZINE.

Papers, Original and Selected.

THE REWARDS OF CHRISTIAN WORKERS:

A HOMILY FOR THE NEW YEAR.

"Thy work shall be rewarded, saith Jehovah."—*Jeremiah* xxxi. 16.

WHEN the Kopt casts his rice-seed into land inundated by the Nile, to the eye of the child he seems to be a madman to so waste the precious grain. The waves roll in so swift and strong from their far-off source, that the highest mark of the Nileometer is reached, and the seed scattered so lavishly is apparently lost for ever. Yet, when the waves subside, and the plain on the banks of the river of Egypt re-appears, it is found that not one solitary grain was either destroyed or injured. For, fructified by the precious alluvial deposits, there springs up such a goodly harvest that the sower knows that, though gaunt famine may invade other lands, there will still be an abundance of corn in Egypt. And thus, even temporally, he finds the words are true, "Thy work shall be rewarded, saith Jehovah."

So is it with the spiritual seed-sower. No holy saying, however scorned by the worldling, can possibly die. No godly act, obscured though it has been for a season, has ever become extinct. Its echo so traverses the ages that it will assuredly reach the ear of the last man who treads this earth. Like the kindly action of the woman who anointed the head of Christ (Mark xiv. 9), it will be spoken of throughout time; nay, its potent voice will penetrate the gates of Heaven; and thus its echo will reach the very place where its full meaning can alone be understood. Well, then, did Bickersteth, of Watton, say, as he thought of the present and the future of all godly words and deeds, "The work *is* wages." Yes, God, by an eternal decree, has married reward to labour.

Of course, it is implied that the spiritual labour in which we are engaged is a *real* work for God. Such labour, though it hath a purpose and a plan, springs simply from love to the Redeemer, and solely because he has bidden us to work in his vineyard. It is based upon the principle asserted by good Archbishop Usher, "God would have no drones in his Church." But, alas! how often work apparently for God is found to be only a veiled work for self. The veneer is beautiful, and the unsightlier material is skilfully hidden; but yet below the surface all is rottenness or sham. But even when the motive is not corrupt, in too many cases much of what is styled, "service for God," is but a form of human restlessness; the wish to escape the pain—and we may say, in the case of the energetic, the *agony*—of doing nothing. But, happily, we need never be in the dark as to the inner-motive which impels our special work. For whether we are really labouring for God, or only for self, may be readily tested by these two questions:—Should I, like Paul (Phil. i. 18), rejoice to see God's work done by others, so that it were done, with the same delight as if it were done by myself? Do I, in professed labour for Christ, place myself in his forefront; or am I always content to hide myself behind the shadow of the Cross?

If these questions can be answered in the affirmative—then rejoice, O worker, for God is pledged not only to adopt, but to reward, thy work; and thou wilt assuredly realize the truth of the Biblical axiom, that (Prov. xiv. 23) "in all labour there is *profit*." As all spiritual labour has a twofold aspect, affecting as it does both time and eternity, so all work for God will have a twofold reward.

I. HERE.

1. *The social reclamation of outcasts.*

Who can gaze upon our home-heathen, or penetrate those dark spots which are as "full of the habitations of cruelty" as Dahomey or Fijee, without a shudder? For in London, dens and hovels abound which seem purposely constructed to invite fever and cholera as guests; and therein thousands of men, women, and babes herd together, more like swine than human beings. The very literature of such districts is infamous. Tales of successful burglars, of illicit love, or of wholesale murder, sell by thousands, and still further corrupt the corrupted; forming, indeed, the dark parallel of those terrible "sensation" novels, now alas! so popular among the

wealthy classes. And, not the least black feature of this photograph of the by-ways of London, more men, women, and even children, congregate in our gin-palaces on Sunday than attend all our churches, chapels, and preaching-rooms united.

Can we wonder, then, that females "fall" by thousands, before they are even old enough to know that they are committing sin, and ruining both body and soul? Need we be startled, after visiting such scenes as these, that there are myriads who think that he who can steal oftenest without detection, deserves the applause of his social circle? Nor need we wonder that adults, as well women as men, can be counted by thousands who so revel in moral filth that they at length bear the impress of their foul doings on their very countenance? But what renders this picture of London life still more frightful, is the fact which has been published by Dr. Lankester, the able coroner for Middlesex, that no less than 12,000 women now live in London who have murdered their own infants. All give to our great cities a lurid glare as of the bottomless pit. Yes; denounce as we may the foul orgies of Hindostan, they can be too readily matched by the iniquities of this city of cities, London; causing it to reek like a very Sodom, and telling that, unless God interpose in grace, with Gomorrah's crimes it must eventually suffer Gomorrah's punishment.

But, thanks be to God, Ragged Schools have been reared as a kind of social dam. Nor have these bulwarks against the flood of moral iniquity been raised in vain by those who thus seek to stem the inroads of moral evil. Thousands of children have been prevented from being carried away by this moral inundation; myriads have been rescued from the very middle of the stream of social ruin; and thousands more, believing, as we do, that the past is but a foreshadow of the future, will yet be fitted to do their duties as good citizens, and so help to work out the great destinies of the Anglo-Saxon race. Such has already been one of the earthly rewards of the Ragged School worker; and, had he effected no more, he would well deserve the encomium earned by the public benefactor. For, as John Ruskin truly says, "That country is richest which nourishes the greatest number of happy human beings; and that man is richest who, having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest helpful influence, both by personal work and by means of his possessions, over the lives of others." Such has been every earnest labourer in Ragged Schools: and in the reclamation of social outcasts, and by adding them to

the moral wealth of society, he has found God's promise fulfilled, "Thy work shall be rewarded."

2. *Whilst on earth, helping Jesus to fill Heaven.*

It is something to be dug oneself out of the quarry of fallen humanity, and to be fashioned, rugged and bad though the material may be, into something like the Divine image. The song of gratitude which is thereby evoked can never die out in this world, though the strain will assuredly be more free from discord when it is sung in the city of God. But what lover of Jesus can be content to sing of redeeming grace in some solitary nook, apart from his fellows, or be satisfied to travel to Heaven alone? Rather, he feels that his greatest joy, next to that of personal salvation, is to help Jesus to fill Heaven.

Not that visible fruit is so always *seen* here that to sow may be considered as a synonym for reaping. For of few could it be recorded what Angel James reported of Richard Knill, that "he had been the means of converting a hundred persons, who, in one way or another, became preachers of the Gospel." So few, indeed, can bear to hear of success, that we rather require the "thorn in the flesh" incident, to unproductive labour, lest, like Paul, we should be over-exalted by the splendour of the results. Yet still the pledge, "Thy work *shall* be rewarded," is given by One to whom to say is to do; and thus, whether seen or not now, the result is secured by the word of the Unchanging One. So strange, indeed, may be the fruitages, that they may not even have been expected; and still stranger may be God's way of revealing the good we have been privileged to effect. For God has ever such a purpose and a plan, in all his doings, that there is no room for "chance" or afterthought, and hence it necessarily follows that all we do must dovetail with and fit into his designs. Thus, as Dr. Livingstone forcibly writes, "it is probable that the leaven which the missionary is introducing into the mass of the human mind, though it is unseen in its results, is of more value in relation to the great ultimate result than incidental conversions which may occasion more joy at the moment."

Hence, whether there be individual known fruits or not, or whether the result is so blended with the work wrought by others that we cannot discriminate between their share in the effect and our own, the great ultimate result will assuredly come. For on the death-bed, or, what is still better, by the life of faith, we shall find that spiritual rewards have been annexed to spiritual labour.

Thus will a great company—preceding us, it may be—come up to the celestial gates, who will say, as the lowly Ragged School comes into remembrance, "That was our true birthplace:—We are *here* because we were *there*."

II. Hereafter.

1. *Christian workers will recognise their converts in Heaven.*

As every secret bad action will, if not cancelled by the blood of Jesus, be unveiled at the judgment day, so will every secret good act be so publicly acknowledged that God's promise will be fulfilled—"Thy work shall be rewarded." But even more than this: every faithful servant of Jesus will be crowned by the King himself, after his own coronation day. For it is a truth for all time, that what we sow on earth we shall reap in eternity. Not that such crowns will have been so won as to be won of mere merit. For, after all, it is not human nature, splendid ruin as it ofttimes is, that really effects the good we admire, but rather it is simply the glorious outcome of the grace which dwells in us. So affirmed that heroic missionary, Paul (1 Cor. xv. 10): "I laboured more abundantly than they all; yet *not I*, but the grace of God which was with me." A more modern home missionary, Richard Cecil, used almost analogous words when he said, "The Christian expects his reward, not as due to merit, but as connected, in a constitution of grace with those acts which grace enables him to perform." Thus it is the same grace which saved us that in another form enables us to work for God; and hence it is seen that both salvation and reward are equally the offspring of grace.

But, surely, of all the gems in the crown which decks the brow of the ransomed, the brightest will be found in the souls won for Jesus, whether by public preaching, like the fiery-tongued Whitfield, or by private exhortation, like gentle-hearted Sarah Martin. Nor need we doubt that the Christian worker will be privileged to see face to face in Heaven, and there to hold sweet communion with those whom he had been privileged to point out the road to the celestial city. We learn this fact from Scripture inferentially. For surely if Dives in Hades recognised Lazarus in Paradise, we may infer that the saved, dwelling in the very same place, and not with an impassable gulf between them, will know and talk to each other. Thus may the words primarily applicable to Christ as the federal head of the Church be equally used by every Ragged School

teacher when he sees the fruit of his labour garnered in Heaven. (Compare Isaiah viii. 18 and Heb. ii. 13.) "Behold I and the children which God hath given me."

It is this truth that partly stimulated the lion-souled Hebrew, Paul, to his abounding labours for Jesus. How his great heart throbbed more quickly as he said to the Church in Corinth (1 Thess. ii. 19), "What is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ at his coming?" So, after what the Master said of himself, and his great apostle echoed, every true-souled Ragged School teacher, in his lower measure may feel, that the greatest reward of his labour will be when he presents before the Father those whom grace helped him to save whilst on earth. Verily, this will be a great "reward for service in the tabernacle of the congregation" (Numbers xviii. 31).

2. *Work in Heaven will be proportioned to service on earth.*

Some Christians seem to regard heaven either as a place of perpetual hymning, or, like the Buddhist, of perpetual rest. Now we think that neither class has rightly interpreted the few Scripture hints on this subject. That there *is* rest in Heaven, and that there *is* praise there, is happily true; but we think that it is equally a truth that work for Jesus will not end with this world. If, indeed, there were no employments in Heaven, how could these words of the Apocalypse be a true photograph of its activities:—"His servants shall SERVE him;" or, as it is more definitely stated, "They shall REIGN for ever and ever"? Both phrases, "serve," and "reign," imply active life. We may, however, infer that, though every saint in glory will find fitting employment for his special gift, yet that it will be work without weariness, and a work which, like all true labour for Jesus, will be but another form of praise.

But another and important question recurs, namely, Does Scripture lead to the inference that there will be any *distinction* in the work of the saved host? We think that this truth is foreshadowed in the diverse punishment of the lost. Thus it is intimated by the Judge, that "he who knew the Lord's will, and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with *many* stripes; but he that knew it not, and did things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with *few* stripes" (Luke xii. 47—48). Again, when referring to the doom of the last Antichrist and his prophet, it is stated that they shall be punished in a different way to their followers, namely, "these both were cast *alive* into a lake of

fire burning with brimstone; but the remnant [or followers] were *slain*" (Rev. xix. 20, 21).

As God's moral laws always harmonize, we may infer that the same principle will hold good as respects the workers for Jesus; and thus difference, not so much in gifts as in earnest labour on earth, will lead to differences in work in the coming age. Thus Daniel, while quailing under the desolations of the Holy City, was told, as a special reward, "Thou shalt rest, and *stand in thy lot*, at the end of the days" (Daniel xii. 13). Then, too, a distinctive reward was also promised to the apostles, namely, "Ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel" (Matt. xix. 27, 28).

Nor shall the humblest Ragged School teacher, labouring as he does amid that physical, which but symbolizes the still more terrible moral, filth, be without his distinctive reward. This is distinctly affirmed by Daniel—"They that be TEACHERS (marg.) shall shine as the brightness of the firmament." What will be their special form of work we know not, for when Scripture is silent about the doings of the unseen world, man can know nothing; but it is sufficient to know this, that in a world where all are glorified, the faithful teacher will pre-eminently shine.

Thus it is seen, both from Scripture and from the experience of Christian workers in all ages, that all earnest labourers for Christ will have such a twofold reward, here and hereafter, that the promise of God will be literally fulfilled, "The work *shall* be rewarded." Need we then say more to enforce the glorious promise, that personal reward shall be added to personal salvation? No; but two remarks we would make, by way of caution. *First*, Work solely that Jesus may be honoured in this world, and not because, by a Divine decree, reward is married to spiritual labour. *Secondly*, Ever remember that, if the Holy Ghost hath bestowed a talent, you will be held responsible for its exercise, even though no reward is accorded in this world.

PRACTICAL.

There is no work in Heaven but hath its birth
In ripened seed sown broadcast upon earth:
For our dear Master labour never endeth,
Since work in time with work eternal blendeth;
Then in thy zeal for Jesus slacken never,
For of thy toil in time is born thy work for ever

RAGGED WORK IN COUNTY TOWNS.

IPSWICH.

THE birthplace of Cardinal Wolsey has not been overlooked by the friends of the Ragged Schools, as may be gathered from the fact that in the county town of Suffolk a Ragged School has been in successful operation for sixteen years. That Ipswich needed an effort of this kind was apparent to any one who spent an hour or two in the neighbourhood of the quay, and watched human life among the juveniles. Their dirty neglected appearance was proof sufficient of their moral status, to say nothing of their occupation of picking up anything and everything on which they could lay their hands, it mattered little what, whether coals, rope, or iron, for they too well knew how to dispose of whatever came in their way.

In one of the court-yards of the town, fifty people found a home, if the ill-ventilated, ill-watered, and ill-conditioned hovels in which they existed were deserving of the designation of *a home*. Of these fifty, twenty were children, not one of whom appeared to be under Christian teaching till the Ragged School brought its influence to bear upon them, when at least fourteen of the twenty became scholars, and thus were in a fair way to be rescued from impending ruin.

The need for special effort among the very poor was apparent also from the state of the Ipswich jails, where, out of 652 prisoners in 1864, as many as 424 were youths of both sexes under twenty-one years of age, and of the 652 prisoners, as many as 590 could neither read nor write, or could only do so imperfectly. The average prison cost per year for punishing these ignorant boys and girls was £30 11s. 3d., to say nothing of the loss sustained by robbery, and an annual police bill, for Ipswich only, of £2,330 8s. 11d. Notwithstanding such was the state of things last year, yet it is very apparent that good influences had been at work somewhere, for we find that in the year 1852, when the Ragged School was struggling into existence and effective operations, the number of committals for the county was 609, but in 1864 the committals were reduced to 202. This large deduction cannot be accounted for from the circumstance of the Reformatory movement existing in the latter, but not in the former year, for in 1864 there were only seventeen cases for both divisions of the county, east and west, detained in Reformatories, and none in the Industrial Schools.

We are not prepared to say that all the good worked out has been the result of the Ipswich Ragged Schools, but we do believe that if it were possible to trace the results up their lines to their producing causes, a very fair, if not a very large, proportion of the lines would converge and form their foci in the Ragged School. It has been our pleasure lately to visit this school, and to be present at its 16th Anniversary, and from what we can gather we are led to form a very favourable opinion of its work and its workers. Its operations are carried on during the Lord's day, the week-day, and week-day evening, and embrace religious, intellectual, and industrial education. The persons benefited are adults, youths, and infants. The agents are paid and voluntary. The whole is under an effective Committee, and watchful and sympathizing officers. The school-rooms formerly used were in a low, dirty, unhealthy, and unventilated situation, and at a meeting held in the Council Chamber in October, 1856, the Mayor in the chair, these rooms were condemned, and an effort commenced to raise a fund to procure more suitable accommodation. Twenty friends present at once subscribed upwards of £86 for this special object, and then formed a Committee to give effect to their decision by waiting upon the inhabitants of the town for the needful pecuniary help. The response was sufficient to warrant steps to be taken towards the erection of a suitable building. The site chosen was in the midst of the population from which the school drew its scholars, and situate in St. Clements, Back Street, opposite the paper mills. This building was completed and publicly opened in February, 1858, and by which cleanliness, ventilation, and comfort are secured for the useful band of teachers and their scholars. By means of a bazaar which realized £125, with the handsome contributions of the inhabitants, the Committee were able to pay all claims made by the erection, amounting to more than £370. The site, however, was left to be paid at some future time, the Committee having the power to do so within ten years. This has been done, and at the meeting recently held, the Treasurer read a list of sums received during the last year, amounting to £271 8s., which enabled the Committee to retain the building in perpetuity for the benefit of the poor of Ipswich, and leaves a balance to improve the building when required.

The number of children being benefited by the Ipswich Schools is nearly 200 on the Lord's day, and about 100 in the day schools. The boys in the Industrial Class were intermittent in their at-

tendance, and often removed from the school before a beneficial training in industry was imparted. To meet this difficulty an arrangement is now made by which the boys are bound as apprentices to the Committee for a term of three years, so that they may have a fair opportunity of becoming proficient in their work, and have a share in the profits of their labour. The articles manufactured by the cabinet-makers and the shoemakers reflected very great credit, both upon the teachers and their scholars, for the skill manifested. That these schools are helpful as feeders to other schools of a higher order was evident, for during the last year fourteen children had so improved as to be transferred to schools where they paid for their education; and that these schools are required by the town was proved by the Rev. W. W. Woodhouse, the Rector of St. Clements, Ipswich, who said, respecting the good worked out by them, that "in his parish there were four great day schools, six Sunday schools, and a school for men, another for girls, besides several other schools connected with several Dissenting denominations, to which large numbers were in the habit of sending their children. There could be no less than from 1,200 to 1,400 children being daily educated in his parish, but he would unhesitatingly affirm that if it were not for these Ragged Schools there would still be a vast number of the very poor who would be left entirely without any spiritual education."

The Committee are desirous to expand their efforts, and are of opinion that at present but a small part of what might be carried on is in force. They are satisfied that the religious, moral, and industrial training of the children, which is of the first importance, is undoubtedly of lasting benefit; this secured, they desire to see a Refuge added, to meet the urgent physical necessities of many a poor vagrant that no other agency properly meets.

The work in Ipswich has had some noble minds and warm hearts associated with it; David Power, Esq., the late Recorder, R. Ransome, Esq., Benjamin Colchester, Esq., are among the names that are embalmed in the memories of the present friends and supporters, and among those now carrying on the work are some imported from our London schools. The Lady-superintendent formerly had the oversight of the Camberwell Ragged School; and the Master of the day schools had been one of the teachers in the Brook Street Ragged School, Regent's Park. These took with them ripe experience which has greatly helped to render

the Ipswich Schools so effective. Having named Mr. Colchester, we will conclude our remarks by quoting his experience in the work. "On some occasions he had little children before and around him, who looked exactly like wicked girls and boys; he had talked to these children. On one occasion he had seven or eight of them in a class; some would listen to what he said, others would turn away rudely. The next night, what did one of these children do who turned away? He had been spoken to kindly the night before, and when he came into the room he went up to him, because he had been treated kindly, and expressed his sorrow for behaving so badly. On the next Sunday evening, when this boy was going away, although he had been so outrageous, he came up to me and said, 'God bless you, sir; good night.' On another occasion, after reading the Bible, some of the children said, 'Sir, we have heard a good deal of this Bible, we wish we knew more about it.' Help is wanted to make them more fully acquainted with God's word, but some people say, 'Oh, it's hard work.' He knew it was hard work from experience, and he knew the return was often abuse, but he did not mind that he had been taken down a bit; he had felt almost discouraged; so much so, that he had almost said at times, 'I don't think we can succeed.' They, however, went on, overcoming every little difficulty in the best way they could, and they felt a conviction that they would eventually succeed. He would only say one word more—there would be a time when he would have to give up the commission he held in this world, for he could not expect long to be here, and when that did take place, would it not be a pleasing thing to hear half a score of these young children saying, 'God bless the old man; he was a good teacher to me in our blessed Ragged School.' For ten years or more that good old man has given up his commission, entered upon his rest, received his Master's 'Well done!' and we hope will, if he he has not yet, have the unspeakable happiness of meeting his 'half score' in the heavenly mansions."

"A BASKET OF NEW YEAR'S COMFORTS."

A KIND man came into Mr. Crockett's office, and told a sad story of want —the husband sick, his little store of money all used up by his long illness, and his wife and children in need; fire, food, and comfort they had scarcely any; it was pitiless winter within and without. Willie was in the office, and heard it.

"What can we do, father?" said he, feelingly, when the man was gone.

"What can I do?" asked his father.

"What can I do?" repeated the lad.

Willie had come to the office to consult his father about buying his New Year's presents.

"Father," said he, "I shall give part of my money to these poor people."

"Do as you think best, my son," replied his father; "he that hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord. God pities the poor. He told the ravens to feed Elijah. He replenished the poor widow's cruse of oil and handful of meal. And how much did the Son of God do in relieving want? He wrought two great miracles to feed the hungry. Once he took five loaves and two fishes from the basket of a little lad, and made of them a supper for five thousand people. At another time he fed four thousand on seven loaves and a few little fishes. Our Lord's goodness and lovely example it is well for us to imitate; don't you think so, Willie?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, with a tear in his eye; "if I were sick and starving, what should I think of one who had a hard heart, and gave me no relief? I should like to make up *a basket of New Year's comforts* for this poor family." And so he did. What the basket was full of I do not know; but we can guess, for his good mamma helped him to fill it.

Early on New Year's morning he and his father bent their steps towards the poor man's cottage, a place not unknown to Mr. Crockett; the father sometimes carrying the basket, for it was heavy. On reaching the house, they tapped at the door and went in.

"Here," said Willie, "here is a New Year's present for *you*."

Willie never forgot the scene; no, never. And it did him more good, making this family happier, than all the New Year's presents he had ever received himself. Will my young readers try this plan?

RAG COLLECTING BRIGADE.

It is with deep, very deep, regret we have to announce the partial suspension of this useful effort. The cause will be gathered from the following circular:—

"Rag Brigade Depôt,
December 8th, 1865.

"In consequence of the lease of the premises in Albion Place having expired, we are obliged to give up possession at Christmas.

"We have advertised and searched for premises in every direction, but without success, excepting at most exorbitant rents.

"Without a 'Home,' we think it almost impossible to have that control over the boys which is necessary if any real moral improvement is to be sought for.

"After mature consideration, we are of opinion that it will be better to suspend the operations of the Brigade until some favourable opportunity presents itself of establishing a home and carrying out the scheme upon a different and improved plan.

"Very faithfully yours,

J. H. Lloyd,
Richard Stone, } *Hon. Secs.*"

The Superintendent of the brigade intends for the present to carry on the business upon his own responsibility, respecting whom the Secretaries, in another circular, say:—

"Rag Brigade Depôt,
December 8th, 1865.

"We have very great pleasure in recommending to your notice Mr. W. A. Taylor, who since the establishment of the Rag Brigade has most earnestly, faithfully, and energetically filled the office of Superintendent of the Depôt.

"If the Brigade is re-established we hope to have the benefit of Mr. Taylor's services.

"In the meantime, we shall feel personally obliged by your favouring him with your patronage and support.

"Yours faithfully,
J. H. Lloyd, } *Hon. Secs.*"
Richard Stone, }

The following is Mr. Taylor's card:—

W. A. TAYLOR,
17, FREDERICK PLACE,
CALEDONIAN ROAD,
(*Late Superintendent of the Rag Brigade of the London Ragged Schools,*)
PURCHASES ALL KINDS OF WASTE MATERIALS,
RAGS, PAPER, METAL, BONES, OLD CLOTHES, BOTTLES,
ETC., ETC.

Houses Cleared of Waste upon the Shortest Notice.

THE HOLIDAY-MAKER'S KIND SELF-DENIAL.

In our Number for last August we pleaded for a day's holiday for the scholars in the London Ragged Schools, and we did not plead in vain. In that plea we cited a case of kindness and self-denial that had been noticed among the holiday-makers in a previous year. It was as follows:—

"It was customary to take the boys and girls an excursion by railway, some ten or twelve miles from London. In the evening, when the children assembled for the return journey, a little girl was noticed to be in the deepest distress and crying bitterly, saying that as she had lost her ticket the collector would not admit her into the station. Presently one of the boys came up, and learning the girl's distress, exclaimed, 'Here, you shall have my ticket, and I'll walk home.' This lad told one of his fellows what he had done. Smith, the name of the second boy, fired with emulation, did what was not difficult among a crowd of juvenile excursionists; he found out another girl who was in the same plight; he gave her his ticket, and the two boys walked to London, where they arrived at something like twelve o'clock, and the girls

got safely home by railway. Here was true nobleness of heart, though dressed in rags and tatters."

This incident has been put into verse by one of the contributors to *The Quiver*, from which we make the extract:—

Away from the smoky and dusty town,
And out for the sweet and elastic air;
To hill, to forest, to dell, to down,
Abroad in the fresh and the free and the fair!

The long train glides on its ironed way,
With the merry freight of a Ragged School;
The clear skies promise a glorious day,
And each young breast is of gladness full.

The tickets they grasp in their veined, thin hands,
Are tickets for health, and spirit, and joy;
And so they think, as in merry bands
Together they gambol, girl and boy.

They climb the trees, they puddle the streams,
They roam the forest, and field, and lane;
Till, all too early, the train up-steams,
To hurry them back to town again.

But who is that crying? "My little lass,
Say, what's the matter that gives you pain?"
"I've lost my ticket—I cannot pass,
And oh, I shall never get back again."

Then up spoke a noble Ragged School boy—
"Here, take my ticket, I'll find the way!"
And then, not heeding her thanks and joy,
He started off in the evening grey.

And tramping along roads gravelled and gritty,
And trudging away through gloomy lanes,
By the midnight chimes he reached the city,
With aching ankles and throbbing veins.

One lesson thou dost to us impart,
Thou kingly boy, though in tatters dress;
There may beat a noble and tender heart
Within a rude and ignoble breast.

THE REFINING-POT; OR, DO YOU DO ALL FROM LOVE TO THE SAVIOUR?

I CANNOT but think you will be benefited by what will be set before you. The subject is serious; you must, therefore, expect it to be treated seriously. Let us take the deeds of a man renowned for his goodness amongst mankind.

He has helped to build churches and erect hospitals; he has fasted and prayed; the almshouses on the hill were raised at his expense, and the charity-boys were clothed by him. His name is inscribed in gold letters as the patron of the poor, and a thousand tongues, far and wide, praise his piety and benevolence. But have these things been done for God's glory, or for his own?—to extend the Redeemer's kingdom, or his own reputation? Put his piety and benevolence—put all his deeds—into the refining-pot. See how his works perish in the flame, for they were all done to obtain the praise of man. They may give reputation in life, but they will yield no hope in death; they will never preserve their possessor from hell, nor guide him to heaven: "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." What is the hope of the hypocrite, though he hath gained, when "the hypocrite's hope shall perish: whose hope shall be cut off, and whose trust shall be a spider's web"? Nothing that hypocrisy can bring will bear for a moment the trial-fire of the refining-pot. Come, thou tried and tempest-tossed believer, whose heart is sinking within thee on account of thy manifold unworthiness, and of the hidings of God's countenance; who considerest thyself poor, and miserable, and blind, and naked; bring the little thou hast, that we may cast it into the refining-pot. Haply He, whose are the silver and the gold, may open the treasuries of his grace, making thy little much, so that thou mayst yet abound in enduring riches. Thou feelest thyself to be a sinner, and repentest of thine iniquity. Though sadly tried, and sorely tempted by unbelief, yet hast thou faith in the death and sufferings of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Thou art a sinner. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." Thou believest in the Son of God, and that "He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him." "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Thy repentance and thy faith are the gift of God; they are his work in thee; and, resting on him, they are uninjured in the refining-pot. Thou hast no costly deeds to offer up as a sacrifice; thy heart is broken, and thy spirit cast down, on account of thy utter unworthiness; but the "sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." Take courage, then, thou fearful servant of Christ, for thou art a child of God, an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven. When the majesty of the king faileth, and the merchandise of the merchant is consumed—when the weapons of the warrior are broken, and the wisdom of the worldly-wise is forgotten—when the gold of the covetous has crumbled in the dust, and the hope of the hypocrite has perished,—thy repentance and thy faith shall endure. A new song shall be put into thy mouth, and thou shalt "enter into the joy of thy Lord." Of those we have tried in the refining-pot, the repentance and the faith of a pardoned sinner have alone endured the fire. Let us, then, humbly seek repentance and faith of Him who can alone bestow them.

NORTHEY STREET, LIMEHOUSE.

A CRY FOR HELP, AND ITS SUCCESS.

On October 24th the teachers and friends of the above school had a social gathering, to which the friends of neighbouring schools were invited. After tea the Rev. C. Bergne, M.A., of the London Diocesan Mission, took the chair, and introduced the business of the evening by setting forth the duties, responsibilities, and encouragements connected with Ragged School work—closing with a very telling anecdote illustrative of the apostolic statement that we shall reap in due time if we faint not. After which Dr. Cumming followed with some very pertinent observations: among others, he stated that he had found it much better to place the class in parallel rows, so as to have all the scholars before him, rather than a three-sided class. Mr. Parker, of Poplar Ragged School, gave some valuable hints on the mode of addressing the children, particularly insisting on the duty of the teacher studying his lesson, and that it should be pictorial and anecdotal. Mr. Tabrum referred to some of the difficulties connected with his labours as superintendent, owing to the paucity of teachers; he gave a detailed statement of their operations, and concluded with an appeal for help. Mr. Gover followed with some thoughtful remarks, and expressed his intention of going there frequently. Mr. R. J. Curtis, of the Ragged School Union, expressed his pleasure at meeting the friends on that occasion; he thought that the practice of meeting together, as they and some few other schools did, for the purpose of preparing for the most laborious period of the year, by encouraging each other, and adding to their numbers, was a practice worthy of general adoption. The complaint was almost general—"the labourers are so few." It is a strange state of things, when a person has to be posted at the door to keep out the children desiring to come in. "COME AND HELP US," is a cry that can be heard at the door of many a London Ragged School on Sunday evenings. General appeals were of no use. Make the appeal individual, get out a detailed statement of your operations, state which of them require help. Circulate these statements among the members of churches, either by placing them in the pews, or giving them away at the doors, and in some cases circulate them through your neighbourhood, to persons of known respectability of character, irrespective of denomination. Make the paper returnable; let the names and addresses of all willing to help be entered in a book; arrange for their attendance; get out a form or plan of attendance for your school, and let each person have a card, with the dates of his or her attendance, on purpose to refresh the memory. Let it be the business of some gentleman, characterized by tact and courtesy, to see after the attendance of teachers, and in cases of failure, to write to the absentees. This plan, like many others, might be a failure, but it seemed to him worth a trial; at any rate, it has this merit—you come, so to speak, face to face with Christian people—you throw upon them a responsibility, and sad will it be if they evade it.

On this occasion, during the addresses, one of the friends went through the meeting, calling upon each person not engaged in the work, and asking their

assistance, and the appeal was not in vain: many friends promised their assistance, and thus a good working staff, it is hoped, has been secured for the Sunday and other operations.

HARD TIMES.

"Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this."—*Eccles.* vii. 10.

From this passage I would infer—

1. That the complaint of hard times is not peculiar to this age. It was common in the days of Solomon, and it has been common, if not perpetual, at short intervals ever since; and will probably continue to be common until men shall generally learn and practically apply the lesson of contentment, in the condition in which Providence has placed them.

2. That in the complaints of hard times, there is a reference to former days, when it is thought such times did not exist. But the fact is, the troubles, the anxieties, the cares, the disappointments, and the distresses of those former days, are apt to be forgotten under existing burdens. So the Israelites in the wilderness sighed for the flesh pots of Egypt, forgetting the insupportable tasks under which they had formerly groaned.

3. That whatever be the hardness of the times which we endure, they are the best for us under existing circumstances, because ordered by a wise Providence, either for correction, or for judgments, or for mercy. And it is foolish as well as wicked, to complain of his allotments.

4. That hard times are often the results of former waste and extravagance and luxury—the pampering of the flesh, the gratification of the eye, and the pride of life; and they induce in their stead, the habit of self-denial, of economy, of industry, of frugality, and of other virtuous dispositions and exercises, which prove them to be blessings. For "the prosperity of fools destroy them," and experience proves that ruin very often treads upon the heels of prosperity.

5. That it is wrong to complain of hard times, so long as a kind Providence furnishes us the necessaries of life—food and raiment—together with the privileges of a social, civil, and religious society. Look for a moment at former days. Had all our ancestors the privileges we enjoy? Did we possess them ourselves in greater perfection, ten, twenty, or thirty years ago, than now? If so, it has been, perhaps, because we abused the goodness of God, and he is now teaching us, by his chastisements, the true source of all our blessings. And, "why should a living man complain for the punishment of his sins?"

6. That the Christian should complain of hard times, is peculiarly ungrateful, inasmuch as he is but a pilgrim homeward bound, and nearer now to his rest than in former days; and because he is taught that his Father in heaven "withholdeth no good thing from them that love him," but causeth "all things to work together for their good." And does he wish to go over the journey again—to be subject to all its temptations and trials? Or is he

not rather called upon to quicken his diligence, and exercise stronger confidence in his supporter, the nearer he is to his final rest?

7. That the best remedy for hard times is, less complaining, less extravagance, less hankering after artificial wants; more industry, more economy; greater carefulness to avoid debt, and to let expenses be less than receipts; more contentment, and less speculation; and withal to provide for the great debt which we all have to pay, so that we may be sure that there shall be no failure when summoned to render in our account. Alas! too few think of this matter, which concerns all—and too few make themselves a friend of Him who came to seek and to save them that are lost.

A SCHOLAR'S HAPPY DEATH.

THE following is an extract from one of the quarterly applications just received for the grants voted by the Ragged School Union Committee to the school where the child was a scholar:—

"The Committee will be pleased to hear that the teacher had the privilege of witnessing a happy death-bed scene of a former scholar—a little girl, of only seven-and-a-half years, who called for her teacher to tell her that she was going to heaven, to see Jesus—and though painful to behold the grief of the distressed mother (for the poor woman, whose husband was gone to a distant part, to seek employment, knew she must soon leave her child behind in the grave), still there was great cause for rejoicing in seeing the happy confidence of that child, and to hear her sing and repeat, 'When mothers of Salem,' and 'Around the throne of God in heaven.' The last words said by her in her teacher's presence were, 'I'm going to heaven, and you will come too, won't you, mother?' This occurred on Whit-Tuesday. On inquiring after her the next morning, we heard she had died during the night. The mother said her dying child's appeal she could never forget—'I'm going to heaven, and you will come *too*, won't you, mother?' She also begged to thank the kind friends supporting New Street Ragged School, believing the child's happiness in death, under God's blessing, arose from having received instruction in that institution."

MR. GADSBY'S LECTURES.

DURING the month of November Mr. Gadsby gave ten lectures on Biblical and Oriental Life, with a view to benefit Ragged Schools, by handing to them the proceeds of each lecture. They were well attended, and we hope that Mr. Gadsby has been the means of adding considerably to the funds of the following Schools:—The lectures were for Golden Lane School, at the Sunday Schools' Union Hall, on November 7th and 9th; Ingram Place School, Holloway, in Walter Road School-room, on November 13th and 14th; Lambeth Schools, at Dr. Macfarlane's, Clapham, on November 17th and 24th; Hoxton Schools, at Pavement Chapel, on November 20th and 27th; Lamb and Flag Schools, at Amwell Street Rooms, on November 22nd and 29th. The satisfaction expressed at the close of each of the lectures was of a very gratifying character.

The Children's Gallery.

ANNETTE, A PIONEER OF RAGGED SCHOOLS.

As Annette S——, a happy little girl about nine or ten years old, was returning from school one summer afternoon, her path was impeded by the gambols of a dirty ragged boy, who was jumping over the doorsteps, turning somersaults on the flags, and otherwise expressing his perfect indifference to the world around him, and everything, in fact, but his own particular enjoyment. His dirty face, when it stood the right way up, showed signs of intelligence, and Annette wondered much how he could prefer to put it where his feet should be.

"Perhaps, if he knew more about his head, he would not like to stand upon it," gravely meditated Annette; and before she could skip out of his way, another turn brought his feet into contact with her school-bag, and away it flew into the middle of the street. Annette heard the fall of her books with dismay, and hastily ran and caught them up, while the boy stood hesitating whether to run away; but Annette's good-humoured face, as she returned on to the path, seemed to influence him.

"I didn't mean it, miss," said he, sheepishly.

"No, I know you didn't," said Annette, kindly; "but why do you like to go upon your head?"

"It's good fun," returned the boy, repeating the performance with infinite glee, only keeping clear of his little questioner.

"Poor boy," thought Annette, "I wonder if anybody ever teaches him anything;" and she stopped and looked compassionately upon him: then, going closer, she said, in a tone of childish simplicity, but with a true-hearted interest that would have done honour to the most devoted Christian in the land, "Little boy, will you tell me, do you know anything about Jesus Christ?"

"No, I don't: who's he?" said the ragged boy, staring at her with surprise.

"Poor boy! then you don't know that he is the Saviour, God's own Son, and that he came down from heaven to save bad people and make them good?"

"No, I don't: I never heard about him; but I ain't so bad as Dick and Bill; they is bad, and no mistake."

"We are all bad in some way," said Annette, "and I should so much like to tell you about Jesus Christ. Will you come with me, and I'll read to you about him, and then you will know the way to be saved?" And leading the way to her father's door, which was unlatched, she pushed it open, and bade the wondering boy follow her.

At the end of the passage was a small room which looked into the little narrow slip of ground called, in town, "a garden." The room was used as a play-room, and was but scantily furnished. Here Annette eagerly hung her bonnet on a hook, took up her Bible, and sat down on a low form, bidding the boy sit beside her. Then she began to tell him that the Bible is God's book, to teach how his dear Son came to die for sinners; how minding what it says makes people love to be good and wish to go to heaven; how Jesus made his disciples let children come to him that he might bless them; and how those who come to Jesus are taken care of, so that they need not be ragged and dirty. Then, feeling the impossibility of telling him half she wished, she was ready to cry at the shortness of her opportunity, until a sudden thought darted into her mind, and, brightening up, she exclaimed—

"Will you learn to read? shall I teach you? and then you can see all about it

for yourself, and I can save up my money to get you a Bible."

"Yes, I'll like that: shall I come to-morrow again?" said the boy, opening his eyes wide at the strange interest of this little girl, whose face was beaming with animation and love.

"Yes, to-morrow," replied Annette, delighted at his readiness to learn. "But you must learn a text now, for fear something makes you stay away to-morrow." Then she taught him, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;" and after making him repeat it many times, she told him he might "go now."

As Annette raised her eyes, which had been earnestly fixed upon her pupil, she met the gaze of her mother, who had stood in mute surprise for some moments at the door.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" was not written then, or she might have thought of Eva and Topsy. Annette sprang into her arms, while the lad, rather aghast at the sight of the lady, ran off into the street.

"My dear Annette, you should have asked me first about this," said her mother, anxiously: "you don't know the boy."

"Oh, mamma, he didn't know anything about Jesus Christ, and I was in such a hurry to tell him, mamma, for fear he should run away, that I forgot to ask whether you were in. But you will let me teach him, won't you, dear, dear mamma? He cannot be saved, you know, if Jesus does not save him, and he can't learn to be good till he loves Jesus, mamma."

"You shall teach him, my darling, if he is willing to come and learn," said the happy, grateful mother.

The ragged boy did come to learn. At the same hour the next day, leaping, racing, tumbling along, he found his way to the door, where Annette was anxiously awaiting him. This time her mamma sat at work in the room, and the boy and his teacher sat side by side on their low seat before the window.

At first he seemed particularly amused at the curious-looking things she called "the alphabet," but he soon learned the names of the letters; and when he looked tired or impatient she closed the book, and taught him a verse of Scripture, and some lines of a hymn.

Ragged Schools were not established then, and Mrs. S. knew of no suitable school to which to transfer her little daughter's *protégé*. She spoke kindly to him, and learned that his father was dead, and his mother very poor; that he was often half-starved, and earned what he could by begging, selling matches, or anything that could be obtained, whether or not honestly did not exactly appear.

"If you will come and learn steadily, and try to be a good boy, I will find some clothes for you, and perhaps your mother will take you to church, and you could go to the Sunday-school. Would you like that?" asked Mrs. S.

"No; I'd rather come to Miss. She can teach me well enough."

"Oh, mamma! on Sunday? May he indeed? And, you know, I can save some of my dinner for him. Oh, isn't that nice?" cried Annette, clapping her hands with joy.

"Do you know why my little girl is so pleased!" said Mrs. S., seeing the boy gaze upon Annette with astonishment.

"No; I'm wondering at her all the while," he replied.

"I will tell you. She loves the Lord Jesus Christ, and she knows, because the Bible says it, that only those who know and love him can be saved from wickedness here, and punishment in another world after they die; and she wishes every one she sees to love him, and be good and happy always; and now she thinks that, when you hear how kind and loving Jesus is, you will wish to be his child too. She has a pretty hymn about 'Jesus who lives above the sky;' and when you can say it nicely, don't you think your mother will be pleased to hear it? And the little boy who learns and thinks about Jesus, will, I hope, try to be kind and dutiful to his poor mother."

"I'm not as bad as Dick Bankes: he's

very bad to his mother," said the boy.

"Oh, how dreadful!" cried Annette: "do bring him with you, and I can tell him what the Bible says about it. Bring him on Sunday."

"Maybe he won't come, but I'll try."

And he did try, and Dick Bankes did come, and others also; and the dear little girl spent the happiest hours of her life in telling the poor ragged boys how Jesus pitied and died to save poor sinners.

"My Annette must not forget, while using all the means within her power," said her mother, "that the life-giving blessing is in the hand of God. He alone 'teacheth to profit,' but he answers prayer, and never fails to bless, at some time or other, the prayerful work which has been done for the love of Jesus, and the glory of his name."

Every little girl cannot, and need not, imitate Annette in the precise manner of doing good; but, in the tender, loving spirit which pitied the ignorant and lost, and set about some means of proving it; in the sincere and glowing love that filled her heart towards Jesus Christ, as her own precious Saviour; and in her earnest desire to serve and honour him, all may happily and acceptably follow her example. And "even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right." None are too young or too weak to do something for Jesus.

HOW THE DYING RAGGED SCHOLAR PREACHED TO HIS PARENTS.

MANY a pious child, like Samuel or Josiah, has preached excellent sermons to adults. Nor are cases rare where our Ragged Scholars has first taught their ungodly parents the great truth that there is a heaven to be lost or won. Thus it is seen that the words of our Lord are still true: "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise." For a holy child, by his life, is ever the best preacher of Jesus.

As an illustration of this truth, we may refer to the deathbed of a Ragged Scholar. George Phillips attended the Ragged School in Amicable Row, Kent Street, Southwark. Weakly in aspect and docile in manners, he seemed scarcely fit to cope with the physical and moral evils of a district so notorious in the annals of crime. He paid great attention to the lessons of his teacher—learnt the daily text readily; and, what was better, never appeared so happy as when he heard of Jesus, and how he died on the cross to save little children. All he did and said gave signs that he was one of Christ's lambs; more especially by that simple, unquestioning faith in God which so often marks the youthful saint. Thus ripe for glory, the Lord had need of him. Struck down by illness, his religion gave him such peace that death was hailed as a welcome guest, rather than as a terror. Thus at the early age of seven he was conveyed by the angels into the fold of the Good Shepherd, there to be kept in safety for evermore.

A short time before George died, seeing his mother in tears, he said, "Why are you crying?"

His mother replied, "Because I do not like parting with you."

To this the dying child answered, "I shall be more happy, for I am going to heaven."

The weeping mother then said, "Yes, my child, I know you are going to heaven—you will be an angel; and then you can look down upon your poor disconsolate mother."

To this George, with earnest gaze, replied, "I shall look down upon you, and see you in the Burning, if you do not leave off your bad ways and swearing."

Having thus pointedly preached to his mother, his father was not forgotten; for the day before he died, George startled his father by asking, "Have you *seen* God?"

His father replied, "No."

The dying child then said, "I have, and I am going to be with him."

Thus peacefully died George Phillips, but not before the Holy Ghost had made

him a preacher of judgment to come to his ungodly parents; and had told them that, like the Idumean patriarch (Job xlii. 5), they must *see* God here, if they are to see him hereafter as a friend. Yet this poor—or rather, rich as he was in faith, really wealthy—child, would probably have never known that God in Christ may be *seen* even in this dark world, if the doors of the Ragged School had not been opened. But, happily, he and hundreds of other little ones, as low in position, have learnt in the Ragged School, that Christ is still ready to save little children; yea, to (1 Sam. ii. 8) "raise up the poor out of the dust, and to lift up the beggar from the dunghill." And why? In order that, leaving their rags behind them, he may "set them among princes, and make them inherit the throne of glory."

May every one, rich or poor, who reads this brief deathbed sketch, so fight the battle of life as to wear the victor's crown, and thus meet little George Phillips in that land where there is no sorrow, because there is no sin.

JERRY'S SAD BUT TRUE STORY.

A VERY natural consequence with the poor outcast children, those children that have no homes and no training, is that they fall into vice; and it is surprising that the number of criminals is not larger when we think of the number of these neglected little ones. The following incident, which we select for our little readers, is suggestive; and while they think of their kind friends and parents, and pleasant school-houses, let them not forget those who have not these to lead and point the way to honour and usefulness and the better world beyond the skies.

It was a winter afternoon in school, the school on Myrtle Hill, where Jerry Fay was learning strange things out of books. It was a pleasant school-room. The sun came in brightly through the large windows, and some of the children who had nothing to do watched the motes that danced in the long beams of sunlight that slanted down the room. There were beautiful pictures on the black boards—flowers, and birds, and trees; here an old mill with its idle wheel, and there an ivy-grown tower with the rooks sailing round the crumbling battlements.

It was the writing hour, and the room was very still. Little heads were bent over the copy-books, little clumsy fingers were twisting strangely around the pens that would now and then make a big blot and many an odd character on the white page.

And this was Jerry's school-room, but he was not there, and the teacher said to herself that Jerry was playing truant again, and she wondered what she would do with him. While she was thinking about it she was summoned to the door, where she found Jerry in charge of a police-officer, whose especial business was picking up truants. He had come to report him to the teacher, and then take him away to the "lock-up."

Poor Jerry! It was enough to make one's heart ache to see him. His blue eyes were sunken, and his face had a sharp, white look, as though the warmth was all frozen out of his veins. One could not help seeing at a glance that the child had not enough to eat. His clothes were thin and torn, and his bare toes crept from the miserable shoes that had hard work to stay on his frost-bitten feet.

"I must take this boy to the lock-up," said the officer, after talking a few minutes with the teacher.

Jerry's white face grew whiter, and he clasped his hands in utter distress. "O don't, don't take me there!" he said, and the tears rolled down his face. "I never had anybody to tell me how to be good, I never had any bringing up, nobody ever cared for me. O teacher, I'd like to be good, like other boys, but nobody ever showed me how."

Poor boy! it was all too true. Nobody had tried to teach him to be good. Nobody cared for him, as he said.

His father was dead, and his mother

was a wretched, heartless woman, who would have been glad to get rid of him at any time, no matter how. When the nights were bitter cold she would lock the door while Jerry was out, and he would be obliged to wander without shelter till morning. She had even accused him of crime, in hopes of getting him imprisoned; but her plans failed. Think of it! A mother wishing to imprison an innocent child! And so with blows plenty and food scarce—so scarce that you could see the hunger written all over his face and staring from his blue eyes - what wonder that Jerry was not always good; that he found evil associates, and was following in their ways?

There were tears in the teacher's eyes as she listened to the boy's piteous appeal, and even the hardy policeman was touched. Warning him that another time he would not escape, he permitted him to go back to the school-room. He never played truant since; but is not his life a sad one? Nobody to love him; nobody, as he says, "to bring him up;" nobody to teach him to be good like other boys; nobody to care for him. And this is a true story.—*Sunday School Times.*

Poetry.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE POOR.

BY SOUTHEY.

"And wherefore do the poor complain?"
The rich man asked of me;
"Come walk abroad with me," I said,
"And I will answer thee."

'Twas evening, and the frozen streets
Were cheerless to behold;
And we were wrapp'd and coated well,
And yet we were a-cold.

We met an old, bare-headed man,
His locks were few and white;
I ask'd him what he did abroad
In that cold winter's night.

'Twas bitter keen, indeed, he said,
But at home no fire had he;
And therefore he had come abroad
To ask for charity.

We met a young, bare-footed child,
And she begged loud and bold;
I asked her what she did abroad
When the wind it blew so cold.

She said her father was at home,
And he lay sick in bed;
And therefore was it she was sent
Abroad to beg for bread.

We saw a woman sitting down
Upon a stone to rest;
She had a baby at her back,
And another at her breast.

I asked her why she loiter'd there,
When the night wind was so chill;
She turn'd her head, and bade the child
That scream'd behind, be still.

She told us that her husband served,
A soldier, far away;
And therefore to her parish she
Was begging back her way.

I turn'd me to the rich man then,
For silently stood he:
"You ask'd me why the poor complain,
And these have answer'd thee!"

Notice of Meeting.

SOUTHAMPTON.

The annual meeting in connection with the Ragged Schools took place at the Carlton Hall on December 5th.

E. Palk, Esq., J.P., presided. He referred to the measures taken by the Legislature in the year 1852, with the view of stemming the torrent of juvenile

crime, the sitting of the Parliamentary Committee, their voluminous Report, and the general results attendant upon ventilating the question, and adopting measures to remedy what was felt to be such a crying and increasing evil. Their fifteen years' experience in that school showed that they were fully justified in their efforts to elevate those unfortunate children whose parents in too many instances not only neglected them, but, what was even worse, actually drove them into positions from which escape from committing petty thefts, and from the evil influences of wicked companions, would be a marvel. Juvenile crime had been shown to have decreased 40 per cent. since the establishment of these institutions, which were not in reality Ragged, but Mending Schools, for through the kindness of friends referred to in the Report in sending cast-off clothing, they were enabled to take away their rags from them, and at the same time furnish opportunities for teaching the boys to mend their own clothes and the girls to sew. This was the mode by which they instilled into their minds habits of thriftiness, tidiness, and self-reliance, and if the ladies would only still further exert their influence, he showed how many children might be persuasively compelled to come into these schools, and there lay the foundation, as so many others had done, for those lives of usefulness which had distinguished them from their fellows who chose—too frequently, it was to be feared, through not being kindly invited to cast off their old habits—to pursue the downward path which they had begun to tread, ending in every class of vice and immorality. He appealed to persons to assist by contributing cast-off clothing, books which had been read or were not particularly valued, or, in short, in any way; but said that he believed one visit to the schools would do a vast amount of good, for he was persuaded that it would incite whoever did so to do whatever lay in their power, as well as cheer the teachers in their labours. He concluded by acknowledging the pecuniary support which the school had received, and by calling on their kind and indefatigable hon. secretary, Mr. C. C. Smith, to read the Report, which stated that the Evening School is well attended by a class of elder boys, who are occupied during the day in various avocations, such as hawking, &c. The Tailoring Department has added considerably to the comfort of many of the lads on going to employment, besides affording the means of converting clothes kindly sent to the schools into garments for those boys who were before insufficiently clad, and to some extent disproving their claim to the title of Ragged boys. The Dormitories during the last two years have afforded shelter and accommodation for 176 boys, and in several instances have proved the happy means of permanently providing for houseless wanderers, whilst in other cases they have been restored to the care of their parents or friends. The Master has received many grateful testimonies to the good resulting from this important part of the work. The regulations on admission require the lads to have a bath. They then receive half a pound of bread-and-butter, and a large mug of coffee. A comfortable berth is allowed to each of them, consisting of a mattress, blanket, and rug. In the morning they have a similar meal; and if working for a day or two they also receive a dinner of meat, &c. 3,724 meals have been supplied during the past year, at a cost of £15 11s. 11d. The number of boys admitted to the school during the past year was 63. Total admitted since its establishment, 1,155. On the daily register, 183. Average daily attendance of boys, 82; on Sunday, 32. Left for work, 15. The Committee acknowledge the kindness of Mr. Beach in allowing boxes to be placed at the Railway Station for donations, by which the sum of £2 3s. 8½d. was obtained last year. The ladies reported that since the commencement 1,483 girls had been admitted. 88 had left during the year. 123 was the average attendance. The meeting was addressed by the Rev. T. Adkins and other friends.

RAGGED SCHOOL UNION.

ESTABLISHED FOR THE SUPPORT OF

FREE SCHOOLS FOR THE DESTITUTE POOR.

OFFICE—1, EXETER HALL.

PRESIDENT.—THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.
TREASURER.—R. C. L. BEVAN, Esq., Lombard Street, E.C.
HON. SOLICITOR.—E. JENNINGS, Esq.
SECRETARY. MR. JOSEPH G. GENT, 1, Exeter Hall, W.C.
COLLECTOR.—MR. WILLIAM A. BLAKE, 1, Exeter Hall.
BANKERS.—MESSRS. BARCLAY, BEVAN, & CO., 54, Lombard Street.

The following contributions have been received in aid of the Ragged School Union from the 20th of November to the 19th of December, 1865, inclusive:—

General Fund.

	£	s.	d.
Anderdon, J. H., Esq.	20	0	0
Bass, Mrs.	5	0	0
Brock, Rev. O.	1	1	0
Catt, Miss	1	1	0
Chester	1	0	0
Clay, I. B., Esq.	2	10	0
Cobb, F. W., Esq.	1	1	0
Cox, Mrs.	3	3	0
Cumming, Miss	1	1	0
Cumming, Miss M.	1	1	0
Cumming, Miss M. A.	1	1	0
Drake, Mr.	1	0	0
Drake, Mrs.	0	10	0
Enderby, Miss	1	0	0
E. F.	20	0	0
Ferrand, Hon. Mrs.	2	2	0
Forster, Miss, Col. by	0	6	6
Flude, I. B., Esq.	1	0	0
From a little Girl	0	2	0
From H. and E. L.	0	1	0
G. J. F.	5	0	0
Hopkinson, B., Esq.	5	0	0
Leckie, C. S., Esq.	2	0	0
Leckie, Dr.	1	0	0
Lee, Miss (Bow)	1	1	0
Lee, Miss Margaret	2	0	0
Lefort, Miss A., Col. by	0	15	8
Loft, Miss	0	10	0
Mackness, Mrs.	0	7	6
Marshall, Miss E.	1	0	0
Martin, Miss, Col. by—			
C. M.	0	5	0
Gardner, Mrs.	0	5	0
Hardwick, Mrs.	0	5	0
Jenner, Miss	0	10	0
Kemble, Mrs. H.	1	1	0
Kemble, Miss L.	0	5	0
Martin, Miss	1	1	0
Small sums	0	5	0
Newcome, Miss, Col. by—			
Newcome, Miss	1	0	0
Newcome, Miss C.	1	0	0
Newcome, Mrs.	0	10	0
Vaux, Mrs.	0	10	0
Wood, Miss L.	0	10	0
Per Magazines	0	3	6
Officers of Brixton Prison, per Miss Moran	1	1	4
Proceeds of sale of work, per Miss Hawkins	1	0	0
Proceeds of sale of work, per Mrs. Cooper	0	5	0
Reade, Mrs.	0	10	0
Ripley, Miss	1	0	0
Sawyer, Herbert, Esq.	1	1	0
Seymour, Miss	1	0	0
Sutton, Mrs.	1	1	0
Swann, John B., Esq.	1	0	0
Wickham, Miss	0	10	0
Yeatman, Miss J. P.	1	0	0

	£	s.	d
Refuge Fund.			
Ferrand, Hon. Mrs.	0	10	6
Excursion Fund.			
Ferrand, Hon. Mrs.	0	10	6
Christmas Treat.			
Friends at Hastings, per Mrs. Reade	0	10	0
School Fund.			
East London Shoe-Black Society.			
Brock, Rev. O.	0	10	0
Field Lane.			
Newcome, Miss	1	0	0
Newcome, Miss C.	1	0	0
Bluegate Fields.			
Waldo-Sibthorp, H. A. M., Esq.	1	0	0
Brook Street.			
Waldo-Sibthorp, H. A. M., Esq.	1	0	0
Lamb and Flag.			
Waldo-Sibthorpe, H. A. M., Esq.	1	0	0
Nichol Street.			
Waldo-Sibthorp, H. A. M., Esq.	1	0	0
York Mews.			
Waldo-Sibthorp, H. A. M., Esq.	1	0	0

Little Saffron Hill Christmas Dinner.

	£	s.	d.
One who bids the little guests in her Lord's name	5	0	0

Net proceeds of two Lectures, by Mr. Gadsby, in Rev. Dr. Macfarlane's school-room, divided as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Doughty Street	5	10	0
Cottage Place	5	10	0
Robert Street	5	10	0

DONATIONS and SUBSCRIPTIONS will be thankfully received at the OFFICES OF THE SOCIETY, by the Secretary, Mr. JOSEPH G. GENT, 1, Exeter Hall, Strand; by Messrs. HATCHARD & SON, 187, Piccadilly; Messrs. NISBET & Co., 21, Berners Street; by the Bankers, Messrs. BARCLAY, BEVAN, & Co., 54, Lombard Street; and by the Collector, Mr. W. A. BLAKE, 1, Exeter Hall.

Money Orders should be made payable at the Post Office, Charing Cross, London, to Mr. JOSEPH G. GENT, *Secretary*, 1 Exeter Hall, Strand, W.C.

The Furnishing of Bedrooms.

HEAL & SON having observed for some time that it would be advantageous to their customers to see a much larger selection of Bedroom Furniture than is usually displayed, and that to judge properly of the style and effect of the different descriptions of furniture, it is necessary that each description should be placed in a separate room, have erected large and Additional Show-rooms, by which they will be enabled, not only to extend their show of Iron, Brass, and Wood Bedsteads, and Bedroom Furniture, beyond what they believe has ever been attempted, but also to provide several small rooms for the purpose of keeping complete suites of Bedroom Furniture in the different styles.

Japanned Deal Goods may be seen in Complete Suites of five or six different colours—some of them light and ornamental, and others of a plainer description. Suites of Gothic Oak Furniture, Polished Deal, Satin Wood, and Walnut, are also set apart in separate rooms, so that customers are able to see the effect as it would appear in their own rooms. A suite of very superior Gothic Oak Furniture will generally be kept in stock, and from time to time new and select Furniture in various woods will be added.

Bed Furnitures are fitted to the Bedsteads in large numbers, so that a complete assortment may be seen, and the effect of any particular pattern ascertained as it would appear on the Bedstead.

A very large stock of Bedding (HEAL and SON'S original trade) is placed on the Bedsteads.

The stock of Mahogany Goods for the better Bedrooms, and Japanned Goods for plain and Servants' use, is very greatly increased. The entire Stock is arranged in eight rooms, six galleries, each 120 feet long, and two large ground floors, the whole forming as complete an assortment of Bedroom Furniture as, they think, can possibly be desired.

Every attention is paid to the manufacture of the Cabinet work, and they have just erected large Workshops on the premises for this purpose, that the manufacture may be under their own immediate care.

Their Bedding trade receives their constant and personal attention, every article being made on the premises.

They particularly call attention to their Patent Spring Mattress, the Sommier Elastique Portatif. It is portable, durable, and elastic, and lower in price than the old Spring Mattress.

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